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By ELLIOT WALKER

Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure

との後の後の後の後の後の後の後の後の後の後の後の後の後の "You've something new on your

mind, Bud; I know it." Hose Copley's clinging fingers held her husband fast. "Killian will do you nothing but harm, Bud. Why do glinting through the poplar leaves | with lanterns and cries.

sparkled on gathering tears. "Pshaw, Rosie, Tim's all right. We've long worked on the section together. I must see him tonight and find out if Maxey will take us on again. That's his whistle now."

He shook her off impatiently and strode off, turning his head to call: "Go in and tend to baby. I'll soon be back."

The woman sighed, wiped her eyes and stepped up the path to the small brown cottage. She glanced at the child slumbering peacefully in his crib, moved about uneasily and again stood at the door, her black eyes straining into the darkness.

"I cannot settle down," she mused. "Poor old Bud! He never touched the tools, and it's two weeks since they laid him off. Dear me! I wish I could forget that dream. Two nights running I've dreamed it. The roar and tremble and crash and screams. I can't remember the place and faces, but they were familiar at the time. Pshaw! I'm upset and nervous about things, and the 11 o'clock tearing through was the cause, I guess."

With her easy, good natured husband and the baby, Rose thought berself a lucky woman. Only recently Bud had been irritable at times. The mystery of the missing tools was yet to be cleared up. A wrench had been found in Killian's room, and Bud was with him at the tool house the night before. "I've no business to bother him," she thought repentantly.

Nervously she waited while the minutes crept along, then with sudden decision picked up her gray shawl and stepped to the crib in the corner. "Baby will sleep. I've simply got to get him home," she whispered. "It's nearly ter for him, I guess, if Rose's bullet half past 10. What does all me to feel | had struck an inch lower." so? There's his revolver on the mantel. Yes; I'll take it just for company." She locked the door and glided down

"Hullo, Bud!" "Hullo, Tim! Who are your friends?" "A couple of new men. Mr. Lutz-Mr. Copley. Mr. Copley-Mr. Grayle. My pal, boys."

The men shook hands in the shade of the great elm.

"Section work?" Interrogated Bud. "Yes. Maxey's put us on. Tim, here, I knowed well in the Albany yards. Come on, Mike. I guess we can find the place." The strangers shifted back from the moonlight.

"What's up?" asked Copley. Killian answered him: "Rail spread this side of the gap. Let's go down and show them. We've nothing on hand, and it's a dark spot for gran men. The boss said he's sent the tools on a hand car, and they're in the ditch. It's only a few minutes' job. Come." He put his hand on Bud's arm, Upon the track Killian dropped be-

hind with Copley. "Bud," he growled, "we're dished?" "What!" The other halted.

"Fact! I've got my notice. Your turn tomorrow.

"It's an infernal outrage," cursed Copley angrily. "In all the years I've worked they never had a complaint. What 'll I do? I'm married and settled here. I can't move." Killain began to swear. "The d-d

corporation. I'd like to see 'em in

"By Jove, I would." Copley stumbled along despairingly. The moon in sudden brilliance glit-

tered upon the shining rails, curving into the ravine beyond. Ahead and seventy feet below the river brawled against the abutments of the bridge. "Good!" muttered Killian. "We'll get even, eh?"

Bud did not reply. His brain was whirling. "Rose-the baby-the happy little home." He staggered on. The track curved sharply just this

side of the gap. There waited their companions. "The crowbar, Mike. Grayle, you

help him." Copley, examining the nearby rails, did not heed Killian's voice so full of import. On his knees, he looked up. "Nothing spread here, boys, that I see."

The others came close with hard "There will be," spoke Killian "You're in on this, Bud. No grimly. We'll get even and more fooling! pickings than would come to us in years of slaving. No one will suspectyou. We chaps will be miles away by morning. You can take your time. Anyway, you're in on it."

But the other was regarding him in horror. "For God's sake, Tim!" he gasped. "You're fooling! No? You dirty devil, let me up! Help! Help! A-a-h"-

"Hit him again, Grayle! There, that settles the fool! I thought be had more sand. Why did I bring him? Thought he might take hold, and I wanted his mouth shut, if he didn't. What a yell he let out. Lie low for awhile. There is time enough

He kicked the senseless form, the three worthles secreted themselves behind a bowlder. Killian whispered: "Wait ten minutes; then we'll do the trick-lay him where he'll get hit, and folks 'll think he done it. See?" A pause, then another whisper-"He got the woman I wanted, blast him!"

Mr. Grayle nudged Mr. Lutz. About a quarter of 11 the men stole

out. A minute's hard work with the crowbar, and the rail lifted. "Off to this side a bit, boys. That's right. Oh, oh!"

Three spits of flame from a bush of spruce thirty feet away - "Crack! Crack! Crack!" 'Timothy Killian threw up his arms, collapsed and rolled over, clutching the gravel. Grayle clapped a hand to his shoulder, then dashed into the undergrowth after his com-

A woman came cautiously forward, peered about and fell upon her knees in the ditch. Then she screamed, and again the revolver echoed among the hills. From the station only a quarter you go with him?" The moonlight of a mile away men came running

Maxey, the section foreman, was in the van. Now in the center of the track stood a shouting figure. "Go back! Go back! Stop the express! Stop It, I say!"

"It's Rose Copley, boys!" cried Maxey. "Something's wrong. Run; for heaven's sake, run! That's her whistle now."

The roar of the heavy passenger train sobered to a rumble, then to a panting stop not fifty feet from the excited group. Through the sleepers spread the ominous rumor. People poured out.

"A doctor? Yes, two of them! Well, hurry up!" There was work for both. "Who was the girl? Was that her husband? What was the story any-

Expressions of horror, wrath and admiration; a fat man busy with a hat; a short speech mingled with sounds of hammering; "All aboard!" a scramble, and the great coaches swung slowly on in the glory of the summer night and crossed the gap.

Copley's first word was for the train. He fell back, thanking God. Then be groped for the hand that had saved. "He wants to speak to you, Mr. Maxey," sobbed Rose, shedding her first

tears. The rough railroad man bent down, his own eyes streaming. "What is it,

my boy?" "Can't-you-take-me-back? I never touched-the tools. Tim said you"-"Take you back! Never thought of letting you go! Why, you're my best man, Bud. Bad company; that's all.

You're quit of it now." He turned, shaking a savage fist at the limp form on the hand car. "Bet-

Mere Curtoutty.

A well known judge, who is as famous for his wit as for his corpulency, was much disturbed in mind by his tendency to ever increasing stoutness. He tried many remedies, but without

any success. At length a friend suggested that he should take a course of treatment at certain hot springs. He immediately set out for the place,

sojourned for a few weeks at it, managed to get rid of a good deal of his superfluous flesh and returned home in a most happy and jocular frame of On the first morning after his return,

when he was wending his way to the courthouse, he came to the butcher's shop where his family were supplied with meat. Marching inside, he said: "Cut me off twenty pounds of pork."

The butcher sharpened his knife and at once complied. The judge looked at the meat for a minute or two and then walked off. "Shall I send the pork to your

house?" inquired the butcher, who felt that the judge had overlooked instruc-"Oh, no," was the reply, given with a smile; "I don't want it. I have fallen

off just twenty pounds, and I only

wanted to have an idea of how much

it was."-St. Louis Republic. Greatest World Power.

An idea is the greatest power in the world. Ideas have moved armies, made nations and created civilizations. Just as surely ideas tangibly affect our immediate material surroundings. The recognition of this truth is destined to revolutionize philosophies within the next few generations. Its farreaching results will constitute the revelation of the twentieth century, says Vim.

One in Bethlehem of Judgea enunciated the truth many years ago when he taught what faith would accomplish. We of succeeding centuries reiterated the divine message as the merest platitude, utterly failing to comprehend its greater meaning. Now we find ourselves on the verge of an awakening to the true significance of thought force.

This much we already know-that it is a mystery hovering on the border land between the material and the spiritual, to be approached with the reverent investigation which the inspired man of science always brings to bear on the wonders of the universe.

Gallant Victor Hugo. During the latter years of his long

life Victor Hugo was very fond of surveying mankind from the vantage ground of the top of an omnibus. He used to make long excursions through the gay city perched on the top of the homely bus, which he seemed to prefer to any other vehicle. An amusing and characteristic anecdote of the great poet, who was most courteous and attentive to the lovely sex, is related by a review. One fine day, as be was enjoying a ride under these conditions, a fascinating young woman climbed up to the summit of the tram car on which he was seated and steered way toward the only vacant place, which happened to be the one next to him. She was about to take possession of it when a sudden jolt sent her instead into Victor Hugo's lap. As soon as she had recovered herself the pretty girl turned to the poet and, her fair cheeks suffused with crimson, said, "I beg your pardon, moneteur." "And I," he replied gallantly, "thank you, made mofselle."

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BORORO INDIANS.

How the Boys of This Brazilian Tribe Get Their Names.

In an interesting article on the aborigines of Brazil in the current Southern Workman the method of naming boys is thus described:

The ceremony of initiation into the rights and privileges of citizenship in the Bororo tribe is interesting. The little bronze body of the baby boy is more or less daubed with gum or pitch. and plated with white feathers; then early in the morning before the rising of the sun the family and friends and the priest or conjurer betake themselves to an eminence near the village. And as the sun, the supreme power, sweeps majestically upward from behind the eastern wilderness the conjurer bores the lower lip of the embryo warrior with an instrument made especially for the occasion and beautifully decorated with brilliant feathers and at the same time whispers "Pladudu" (humming bird) or the name of some other animal or object that the child is to bear. "Pladudu," softly repeat the family and friends in turn, and thus Piadudu, a favorite name, becomes the name of the little one. They are very jealous of their names and will not make them known to allens. In order to become a citizen of the tribe a person of alien birth would have to reside with it for some time and be initiated much as the child is.

TEA A WEEK OLD.

The "Real Good Old Post and Rails" of Australia.

The tea drinkers of Australia rival those of China and Japan, not, bowever, in the quality, but in the quantity, consumed. The men especially drink the beverage in large quantities and all day long and at a strength which would make the cue of a tea drinking Chinaman curl. On Sunday morning the tea drinker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire, with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this is boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep coffee colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process, on Tuesday the same, likewise on Wednesday, and so on through the week. Toward the close of the seven days the pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea leaves, out of which the ten is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the ten is the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated pulate. The natives call it "real good old post and rails," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regard it as baving been brought to perfection.

THE ROMAN ARENAS.

They Were Not Mere Rings, as Ti of the Modern Circus,

The arenas of ancient Rome were not, as some people suppose, mere rings or ovals, such as may be seen in the modern circus. They were broken up and varied in character according to the nature of the fighting to be done or to the caprices of those in authority. On one occasion an arena might resemble the Numidian desert, on another the garden of Hesperides, thick set with groves of trees and rising mounds, while again it pictured the great rocks and caves of Thrace.

With these surroundings the combatants advanced, retreated, encircled their adversaries or kept wild beasts at bay as occasion offered or as their courage or fear suggested. Men combated not only with the more common brutes, but with such monsters as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and crocodiles. On other occasions flocks of game, such as deer and war ostriches, were abandoned to the multitude, and in some cases the arenas could be turned into lakes, filled with monsters of the deep, and upon the surface of which naval engagements took

The Word "Jinrikisha." The word jinrikisha comes from three Japanese roots, jin-riki-sha, meaning respectively man, power, carriage, but it is not of Japanese origin. So recently as 1870 the inconvenience of the slow, lumbering two wheeled carts turned the thoughts of English residents to the ease with which the hardy natives could propel a lightly constructed vehicle, and one was invented, some say by a missionary, others by a newspaper proprietor's son. Ever since then the heavy carts have been entirely dispensed with.

The Japanese Idea of Bravery. There is a time when death is much easier for a man than to fulfill his duty, and if he dies just for the sake of death he cannot execute the duty that Gaddis & Co. is assigned him. True bravery is not in throwing away one's life or courting death, but in doing one's duty at the hazard of one's life. You must not forget that From "A Daughter of Japan," by Marul Gensal.

Homelike. "Mamma," said the little girl who was having her first experience of riding in a sleeper.

"Hush, dear," whispered mamma, 'you will waken the others." "But, mamma, I only want to ask one question." "Well, what is it?"

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ting along in New York? Tomeon-Oh, splendidly! Dixon-Have you heard from him? Tomson-No; that's the resson I know he's prospering.-Detroit Free Press.

Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow,-Emerson.

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Proposals for Street Improvements. Sealed proposals will be received at the officeof the Town Clerk of the Town of Bloomfield,
N. J., until Monday, April 3, 1995, at 8 P. M., for
the construction of a 4 ft. blue atone sidewalk,
on the West side of Orange Street between
Bloomfield Avenue and Dodd Street. The pricebid must include all necessary grading or
filling as shown on profile and map. Also all
material and labor used in carrying out and
completing the entire work. The following is
the approximate quantity: 3606 square feet of
blue stone flagging. Plans and specifications. the approximate quantity: 3600 square feet of blue stone flagging. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Ernest Baechlin, Town Surveyor, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J. Each bid must be accompanied with a certified cheque for \$50, drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield, as a guarantee of good faith of the bidder. The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Each proposal must be scaled and endorsed "Orange Street Improvement Proposal" and addressed to Wm. L. Johnson Town Clerk.

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